

My Son

by Shimmershot

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Family

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Stoick

Status: Completed

Published: 2011-07-22 08:41:03

Updated: 2011-07-22 08:41:03

Packaged: 2016-04-26 11:48:51

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,215

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "That was my only thought. I had to apologize. I had to take back those four haunting words." -Stoic studies his son in that brief moment as the Queen rages behind them. One shot

My Son

For all of his life, I have had to live with a scrawny, needy little child. He was an outcast. There was no denying it, even from the time he was born. I had paired him with Gobber in hopes that my son would grow muscles that he sorely lackedâ€¦ to attempt putting some meat on his bones. It was only supposed to be for a few months, until he could play with the other children and not be injured as easily and severely.

It lasted for years. I began to understand long ago that my boy wasn't going to be very strong. It was a sobering thought. I am chief. We pass our title of leader to our children. My son was no leader. I began to look at other optionsâ€¦ pushing Hiccup to the side. It was a joke. An embarrassment. I have heard the whispered bets of how long it would take for Hiccup to get into trouble or cause mayhem and destruction. I have ducked my head, for all the good it does me, more times than I care to remember.

When Gobber told me of my son's success, I was absolutely stunned and astounded. If I'm honest with myself, when I went to speak with him the night I returned from my failed voyage, I was slightly taken aback. Still, he was skinny and scrawny and weak-looking. My mind had pictured the boy looking more like myself. More like his cousin Snotlout at any rate. Certainly more Viking-like. I was obviously wrong.

In the Final Exam, I was absolutely shell shocked when he dropped his weapon, shield, and the helmet I'd given him. I feared seeing what happened to his mother happen to him. I didn't hear his words. I didn't see the calm in the boy or the dragon. All I saw was a dragon

within snapping distance of my only son and my only reminder of what I'd lost so very long ago.

The Nightfury. Pure black, lethal and deadly. It didn't register in my mind, I didn't care, that the devil-beast had save my son's life. I felt nothing but anger at the perceived betrayal I had just witnessed. My son had denounced his heritage. "I'm not one of them." He disowned us theoretically. I returned in kind. "You're not my son."

How I regretted those words after I said them. I refused to give in. I wouldn't be second guessed. The Viking Way said that Hiccup would need to prove himself worthy of return. That would never happen. I forced my anger to remain. What I was angry at, even I can't be entirely sure.

Going to the Nest was something all of our ancestors had attempted. Every single one of them failed according to our history. I finally had the key. I would be the one to lead our people on the first coordinated strike against the beasts. And our map had lead us true. We arrived, and prepared for "All Hel to break loose".

And we weren't disappointed. It was confusing that the Dragons just fled. But now, I understand their flight from the large island. The proof of that is back behind me, destroying everything in its path. My people wanted to fightâ€| there's no chance we'll win against that monster. The catapults had no effect. I should have listened to Hiccup. I should have listened to Hiccup so many times. If had, none of us would be in the mess. None of my people would have died this night.

I was almost startled by the sight of fire impacting on the large monster's head. Gobber didn't seem as shocked as I felt at seeing four dragons, and six kids suddenly enter the scene. I balked at the idea that they were all riding on the things. My mind couldn't seem to process the idea that my son was leading the horde.

When Hiccup and Astrid, both riding the colorful Nadar I recognized as the one from our containment cells, broke off from the others, obviously having given orders (my son! Orders! And they were followed without question or mockery!), I knew the boy was going to do something reckless.

He was going after the Nightfury. Which was still tied down on the fiery remains of my ships.

I went in to the water as soon as I saw my flag ship explode. I had to find Hiccup. That was my only thought. I had to apologize. I had to take back those four haunting words. He was my son. I loved my son. I had to tell him. I had too.

I didn't truly realize I was back in the water for a moment after bringing the boy up to shore. When I was staring the black creature down, I knew what I had to do. My son loved this devil. Had risked his life and everything he was for the beast. I broke it free. I was on the shore line faster than I could blink. Hiccup standing, recovered.

He understood the dragon on such a level I hadn't realized. It made a gesture with its head, looking up at the monster queen. "You've got

it, bud." He jumped up onto the saddle, so carefully crafted and recognizable as Hiccup's very own handiwork, and began strapping himself in so precise and knowing. I stood there in a daze a moment, trying to understandâ€¦ how long had he spent with this creature?

I caught his attention though. I've never seen such a focused and determined look on my son's face. I apologized. I took back everything, and I told him that I didn't want him to feel he had to prove himself. And he'd forgiven me. He didn't have to say it outright. Just that sarcastic laugh of his with words I recognized. Words I'd spoken to my tribe. Words my wife had spoken. "We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard."

And as I watch him finish his tetheringâ€¦ his whisper of, "Thanks dad," I feel overwhelming pride. My boy is so much stronger than any of us had ever dreamed. I watch as wordless, needless communication passes between human and dragon. My pride in my son swells to unfathomable levels as they take off. Powerful wings beat, and they shoot up faster than a catapult.

It had been amazing seeing the kids flying upon their beasts. But it was different seeing my son ride atop the Nightfury. That was my son. That was my son riding with that magnificent beast. My tiny Hiccupâ€¦ Flying as if it were the most natural thing in the world. As if he were always meant for it. That was my son.

A/N: I love this movie. I love every flying scene in it to the infinity amount, but as I was watching the movie, this scene caught my eye. I wondered how Stoic would have taken to seeing Hiccup shoot into the sky like that so easily. This, as you can see, is how that little thought process turned out.

End
file.